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In Memory
of
Mrs. Helen Cornwall



1877
W. D. Andrews



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MAIN

WHERE, in the unknown way,
Sister, now stands
Thy soul,—who yesterday
With us joined hands?

Where lies thy land unseen,
Oh ! Warden Death ?
With just a touch between,
A pulse, a breath.

Yet with what barrier barred—
That gulf profound
Which sleepless sentries guard
From sight and sound !

Never to human cries
Has answer come
Through all the centuries.
Relentless, dumb,

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To prayer, to tear, to moan ;
Each one to learn
Must walk that path, alone,
Nor backward turn.

Not she, our friend, may tell,
Just swiftly passed :
The law immutable
Holds her as fast

As Egypt's Pharaoh,—
A mummy, dun,
A thousand years ago,
Beneath the sun.

Thus to earth—sense is seen
Death, as we look
On its still face, serene,
Life's sealèd book;



Yet, as to each the Day
Comes with that call,
Who of us dare to say
That this is all?

We know that somewhere, bright,
A haven lies;
That past such bitter night,
A dawn must rise;

That, as the soul of man
Came unto Earth,
In the eternal plan
Must be re-birth

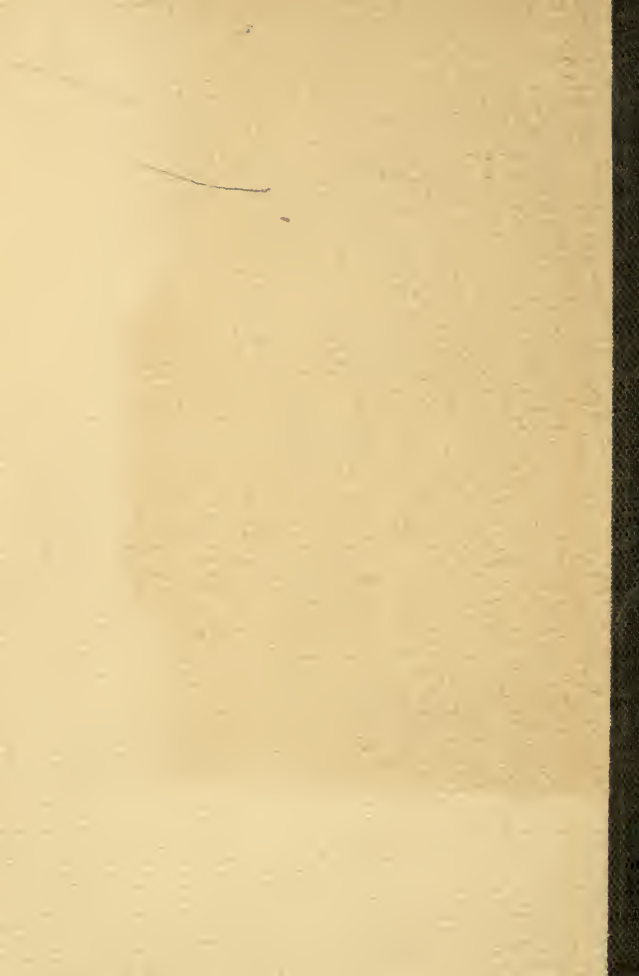
In a diviner sphere * * *
Sister, and friend,
Held in our hearts so dear,
Not this the end;—

Lo! we shall follow thee,
Seek thee, and find.
Joy of the life to be
Who has divined?

Come, white-winged messenger!
God's heavenly dove,
Faith,—with thy message clear,
To weeping love.

INA D. COOLBRITH.





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